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02x19 - Bowling for Equality

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02x19 - Bowling for Equality

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/21/02 20:32**

[Ted's Porno Academy. He's got himself an assistant now, named Eddie. Michael and Brian walk slowly through the poorly lit warehouse, watching the different rooms of sex as Ted shouts out orders.]

Ted: That's it, Prison Cell! Really give it to him! Remember he's in for ten years hard labor! The guys in the elevator. Yeah, don't let us members down. Keep it up. Michael, don't across in front of the camera, thanks. Keep it liquid.

Michael: Can I ask you a question, Ted?

Ted: sh**t! [to one of his boys] Not you!

Michael: How do you get any work done with all these hot, horny guys surrounding you?

Brian: Yeah, if I were here, I would run with a permanent b*ner.

Michael: Thought you already did!

Ted: Hot and horny action IS my work. Uh, it's like a dream come true.

Michael: I can guess what kind of dream.

Brian: You have ever though that you, Theodore Schmidt, loser and reject putz, lined up with the luckiest f*ck in the world.

Ted: Do I detect a note of envy, Bri?

Brian: I better get back to work. I have a new account. Baby wipes.

Michael: Yeah, I got some comic books unpack and filing.

Ted: Thank you, Eddie. As for me got rim-bo-rama, to the five, got dildo days. From six to nine. Lets get your boys back on your liveless lucky lives.

Michael: Trying to get back.

Brian: f*ck!

[Justin and Ethan sittin' in a futon.]

Justin: You know you make love like you play your violin?

Ethan: You are my instrument. First I tune you. And then I stroke you with my bow. And then I make

beautiful sounds pour out of you.

Justin: I have to go.

[He pulls on his pants. Ethan watches]

Ethan: You have big plans tonight?

Justin: Oh yeah, a day with copier boy. I make posters for my comic book.

Ethan: Sounds awesome.

Justin: I want to publize all over Liberty Avenue.

Ethan: Maybe we could work together. I fiddle and you peddle.

Justin: Sounds nice.

Ethan: If you stayed some time, we could wake up together, watch the sunrise, makes everything nice and slow.

[Justin leaves without a response.]

[Straight guys like bowling. So Debbie's out with her straight boyfriend and his straight friends as they bowl. One straight guy's girlfriend coos and kisses him when he gets a strike.]

Carl: Hey, how come when I got a strike I didn't get one of those?

Debbie: Hey Donner, how come when Horvath get a strike he didn't get one of those?

Carl: Come here.

[He pulls Debbie in and tries to kiss her, but Debbie pushes him away.]

Debbie: My turn.

[The guy in the next lane is an Emmett lookalike.]

Debbie: I love your ba*ls.

Guy: Thanks.

[As Debbie celebrates her strike, the other straight guys start prancing around, making fun of the g*y couple in the next lane. Horvath is very uncomfortable as his friends all mock the people next to them.]

Debbie: Excuse me! But they have a really great g*y bowlers.

Man: Name one.

Debbie: I named more than one. We have our own g*y bowling team right here in Pittsburgh. The Liberty ba*ls.

Man: Hey, bring 'them on.

Carl: Could we get back to bowling?

Debbie: Anytime, anywhere.

Man: How about here friday night?

Man#2: Cops against the q*eers.

Carl: Forget it. It's a bad idea.

Debbie: Why? They're gonna kick your a*s?

Man: Trust me, it would not be my a*s!

[The bedroom of the two Lesbos. Mel's still licking as Lindsay starts up a conversation.]

Lindsay: I'm gonna afraid... we're gonna do this again...

[Mel climbs back up to Lindsay's head]

Mel: Leda was right. We're gonna use a jumpstart.

Lindsay: She jerked us alright.

Mel: I'm glad what happen happened. And it make my realise, despite ups and downs, you're still the one I ever wanted you.

Lindsay: Oh, Mel.

[They kiss and grind some more. Then Leda -- who's never ever heard of knocking, apparently -- just walks right into the room.]

Leda: Hey, girls.

Mel: Leda...

Lindsay: Hi.

Leda: I heard the floorboards squeaking over here... and I figured since you're gonna up. Why we have a little slumber party? Just us girls!

[She starts kissing them. Then Gus begins to cry.]

Lindsay: Oh gosh, there is Gus.

[Lindsay goes away.]

Mel: I... I better go see what's wrong.

[Mel leaves the bed.]

[Ted's porno imperium. Eddie sits and cleans penises.]

Ted: Thanks for good days jerk. There you go, for you. [He handing out paychecks.] Stanley, thanks for good days jerk.

[All men leaves. Eddie's alone with Ted.]

Eddie: I don't get it, Mr. Schmidt.

Ted: Get what, Eddie?

Eddie: I've overheard you're telling your friends that's like a dreams came through with all those hot and horny guys. And yet, when all walked by you barely looked up.

Ted: Yeah, I'll passing out paychecks. I make sure the name went with the d*ck.

Eddie: But what about the other night?

Ted: Other night?

Eddie: Don't you remember? Dueling Dicks: Twelve hours of non-stop J/O action.

Ted: Oh, right.

Eddie: It'll be the porn adventure of the century and you just sat there, doin' your books - Didn't look up through the whole thing! Not once!

Ted: Well, that's... really observing, Eddie, but you have to understand this is work and I'm the boss. By the professional demeanor. However, this isn't meaning I doesn't love every minute of it.

Eddie: Well, if you don't need me for anything else...mind if I take off?

Ted: Well, go ahead. I'll lock up.

Eddie: Thanks, Mr.Schmidt. See you tomorrow.

[Eddie leaves and Ted's alone. Ted muses for a minute and a half and then cues something up on his computer. It launches some porn on another screen. Ted watches. Nothing happens. Ted finally shuts it off and stares at nothing.]

[Brian's loft. Brian just installed an overhead desk spotlight and spinny cam. Justin comes home.]

Justin: You're working late.

Brian: Well, that's for one benefits for being a partner. You've someone something to do and they f*ck it up. And then you got to do it yourself.

Justin: You asked for it.

Brian: Yeah. And I got it. Where have you been?

Justin: Studying. And I have to get these. [He shows Brian the Rage poster he made.] What do you think?

Brian: My own little advertising genius! I told you, I help you.

Justin: You're too busy.

Brian: C'me here.

Justin: I need to shower. I stink.

Brian: From studying?

Justin: Sweating over a project.

[Justin's in the shower. Brian walks into the shower with him.]

Justin: You scared me.

Brian: Relax. It's not that kind of a shower scene.

Justin: I thoughed you had work to do.

Brian: Well, I'm gonna be sweaty to.

[Brian and Justin start kissing. Justin stops.]

Justin: Brian?

[But then he chickens out and says nothing. Justin turns around and Brian pulls a condom. Justin's hand slides down the shower Titanic-style.]

[Mel and Lindsay are wearing winter coats. They're walking him

in a stroller.]

Mel: Thank god he start to crying.

Lindsay: I'm never been so happy he start to creams.

Mel: Unfortunately we can't account to save us next time she show up and dive in.

Lindsay: We can always lock the bedrooms door. [Mel laughs] I'm serious. We must set up something.

Mel: The problem is - she doesn't realise it's a one-time thing.

Lindsay: How can she known it's just a spontaneous I-don't-know- how-the-hell-is-it-happen-but- they-are-doin'-it-the-whole-time -thing!

Mel: We just need to be honest with her.

Lindsay: OK. You do it.

Mel: Me? What about you?

Lindsay: I know, but you're much better at rejecting people than I am.

Mel: Excuse me?

Lindsay: I mean this in the highest form of prayers. I mean you're great when it comes to firing the sitters or saying "no" to telephon commercials.

Mel: That's a lot more difficult than telling the Salvation Army to take a hike. Leda is a dear friend, not only that. She's doin' us a big favor.

Lindsay: Hey, that's it. The deal was she could stay with us and working at the studio, right?

Mel: Right.

Lindsay: The studio is practically done. So, we're saying in a couple of days...

Mel: Our problems moves out with her.

[At the street - Michael and Justin staple Rage posters to walls of buildings. Justin is suddenly distracted when he hears the scratchy fiddles of his adulterous theme song.]

Justin: Uh, we're posting faster if you slit up. I'll get the other side of the street.

Michael: Good idea.

[Justin runs right up to Ethan. They stand way too close.]

Justin: Hey, how's goin'?

Ethan: Uh, business is a little slow, but I have one devoted fan was here.

Justin: Thanks.

Ethan: Not you - Berta. She never misses a performance. [He bows to a Homeless woman.] What do you got there?

Justin: Posters.

Ethan: Uh, for your comic book. "Rage"!

Justin: I'm hoping it will sell enough to pay for tuition next year.

Ethan: Well, you never know. I hear the guys who did X-Men made a fortune. Hey, you wanna go to get a latte?

Justin: I can't. I had to hang these up.

Ethan: OK, can we see for the weekend? We could see a movie like French films.

Justin: I've never been to one.

Ethan: Never been? Peasant. The student film society has a film - they showing "Jules and Jim" - A story about two men in love with the same woman. Only if you've noticed her name isn't in the title.

Justin: It's hard enough loving one person.

Ethan: If you're the other one in love with, then you can both break their hearts.

[Justin and Ethan mug down as Michael watches from close by.]

[Woody's. Ted drowns his sorrows in a tiny drink. Brian walks over.]

Brian: Hey porn king, what do you doin' here admist the serfs?

Ted: f*ck off!

Brian: Now, is that nice? Here I am actually giving you the time of day and all you can do is level a rather pedestrian curse at me.

[Brian starts to leave.]

Ted: Hey Brian, wait. Come, have a drink, on me. [to the bar] Couple of Dewars!

Brian: So serious tonight?

Ted: The unthinkable is happen.

Brian: Ted Schmidt woke one morning from fithful dreams to find himself transformed into a giant vag*na.

Ted: Worse. I'm... immune.

Brian: To penicillin? To clever literary references?

Ted: To porn! This has no effect on me! Zero! Nada! I'm totally desinterested in.

Brian: You know what they've say. Too much of a good thing...

Ted: This is not helping. I've seen all my wildest fantasies fulfilled, live and uncensored, right before my eyes, over and over and over...

Brian: I've got it!

Ted: So, maybe I should some lay off some while and give it a rest.

Brian: Maybe you should stop watching it and do! What's your most secret sexual fantasy?

Ted: Are you crazy?! I didn't tell you that. If I tell you, promised me not to behave me like a fool.

Brian: No, I'm not.

[Ted pulls Brian back, takes a shot, and whispers his fantasy into Brian's ear.]

Brian: I may have seriously underestimated you, Theodore.

[Back at the bowling center. Emmett just bowled.]

Emmett: Look it! I've got it all twelve!

Debbie: The next time, honey, trying to do it at your lane.

Michael: I'll tell you, mom, this match is the worst idea you're ever had.

Debbie: What I'm supposed to do? Get them away with making funny at the g*y bowlers?

Brian: We do...

Debbie: Yeah, but they're cops. They should be have a higher standard.

Lindsay: We're just fine. All we need is a little practise.

Vic: That's right.

[Brian bowles a strike.]

Vic: Then practise makes perfect!

Justin: Brian already is perfect.

Michael: Glad you think so.

Emmett: Yeah, with a little bit practise I'll be perfect to.

[Lindsay bowls ten pins. Next is Ben. He got a strike.]

Debbie: Whew! Welcome in the Team h*m*!

Ben: Debbie, you're already full out.

Debbie: Yeah, well, we're lost a player. Emmett, you're off the team.

Emmett: Whatever happened to, "It's not wheater you're win or loose. It's how you pull the game."?

Debbie: Well, these needs to be re-write.

Michael: Sorry, mom, he just got out of the hospital! It's too soon.

Ben: Michael, I'm fine.

Michael: I would like you to stay that way. You've shouldn't you been doin' any physically strength.

Brian: You hear that, Professor? No more heavy butt action!

Michael: C'mon!

Brian: It's what you've said.

Debbie: For Christ sakes, Michael, you're not his mother. This is my job. He says he feels fine.

Michael: He's not bowling and that's final.

Emmett: Well, I guess I'm on the team, wheater Her majecty likes it or not.

[Outside the bowling alley. Horvath walk up.]

Debbie: What are you're doin' here? Checking out the competition?

Carl: We're checking it out real closely. I like what I've see. Hi, Vic.

[They leaving Carl and Debbie alone.]

Carl: For ones we can be alone.

Debbie: Oh, my kid's staying right there.

Carl: I just want you give you a little kiss. How we're go up for a drink?

Debbie: I can't. I was heading with the guys . We're strategizing for the game.

Carl: Go ahead. I won't keep you. Considering what a expert you are in games.

Debbie: Pardon?

Carl: Forget it.

Debbie: How can you say something like that and then say 'Forget it'?

Carl: I'm a detective. I'm know how to read people and you're coming through load and clear.

Debbie: Well, I wish you were.

Carl: Everytime I tried to get a little friendly, you sh**t me down.

Debbie: No, I told you...

Carl: Can't leave your team. But it wasn't this you've be stuffing envelopes for P-FLAG or marching for g*y rights or some other excuse not to get close.

Debbie: That's bullshit. You don't even know me.

Carl: Who do we have to thank for that?

[He walks away.]

[At home with Michael and Ben. In the bedroom.]

Ben: You're making too big a deal.

Michael: Too big a deal? You practically DIED!

Ben: Yeah, but I didn't and I'm still here.

Michael: Yeah, I'm still wake up in the middle of the night to listen to your breathe. Just to be sure. I don't want you anything happens.

Ben: It's that important you can bet my a*s. Now stop worrying!

Michael: I can't help it. I have the genes of my italian mother in my blood.

Ben: So, that's why you can cook.

Michael: I worry about everyone one. I'm worry about Vic, I'm worry about Ted and Emmett, I worry about Brian and Justin.

Ben: What is their problem? With hot trick they've gonna f*ck the next?

Michael: I saw Justin kissing some other guy.

Ben: Michael, I kiss guys all the time.

Michael: You do?

Ben: Yeah, I'm kiss them hello, I kiss them goodbye...

Michael: It wasn't this kind of a kiss.

[Michael gives Ben a soul kiss.]

Michael: It's was that kind of a kiss.

Ben: OK, does... does he know that you've saw him?

Michael: I was across the street. So, do I do tell Brian or not?

Ben: Absolutely not.

Michael: What? Is that Rule #2 of g*y etiquette: never tell your best friend that his boyfriend is cheating on him?

Ben: If you were wrong, we would be furious.

Michael: And if I'm right?

Ben: He'll be even furiouser.

Michael: I'm loses either way.

Ben: You're not gonna lay here all night worring.

Michael: I told you, it's genetic.

[Brian's loft. Chemical Brothers plays as we see Brian's shell bracelet. An arm lifts a bottle of Evian in slow motion. But what's this? It's not Brian; it's Ted, dressed as Brian. He takes a sip of water and spills the rest over his head. He shakes his head vigorously in slow motion. He does a popper. He walks over to the bed, where there's a man orgy going on. He climbs onto the bed and stands as the group of men start pulling off his clothes, sucking his body and going to town on him. Blue light special. Asses and arms. Heads and thighs.]

[Next day. They're in Emmett's clothing shop.]

Ted: It was incredible.

Brian: Boys behaved themselves?

Ted: Misbehaved, is more like it. It's just what I'm need it. I really good my groove back.

Brian: Groovie.

Ted: How can I ever thank you?

Brian: You can't. What's new here?

Emmett: Twinks, stud and bear.

Brian: I'll take a stud.

Ted: Make it two.

Brian: By the way, are you forgetting something?

Ted: Oh, right!

[Ted gives Brian back his bracelet. Brian goes away.]

Emmett: So, what was that all about? And that are you're doin with Brian's bracelet?

Ted: Never mind.

Emmett: Teddy, since when do we keep secrets? And since we're share things with Brian that you're not share with me?

Ted: I borrow it. Briefly. Along with his life. I wanted to see what's like to be him.

Emmett: Dish!

[Cut back to yesterday in Brian's loft. The water bottle lifts again. This time when Ted drops it over his face he sputters and chokes. The popper burns his nose.

He stammers and slides around.]

Ted: You guys are slippery.
[Cut back in the past.]

Ted: It was awful, empty, meaningless.

Emmett: Wow, you really were Brian.

Ted: It was my all-time Nr.#1 fantasy. Now it's gone and what have left?

Emmett: Hey, try this on. After a while dreams wear thin, then you're realise you need something more.

Ted: I was hope I find that with Luke.

Emmett: Yeah, he was a sweet boy. But he couldn't accept you who you are. You're finding with someone else.

Ted: Yeah, right(!)

Emmett: Love comes at the strangest time in the strangest ways. It'll happen for you. Just wait and see.

[Em puts his arm around Ted.]

[The attic of the girls. Leda show them.]

Leda: Ready? What do you think?

Lindsay: Oh my god!

Mel: It's gorgious.

Lindsay: It's every where I'm dreamed off.

[Leda pours wine.]

Leda: Time for a toast. To making art. To making your friends happy. And to making love.

[Lindsay and Mel barely toast.]

Mel: Well, now it's the work done you're moving on, right?

Lindsay: We're hate you let you go.

Leda: Actually I've been thinking. It wouldn't take much work to turn your garage into a nice little guest room. In case someone wanted to come for visite or even stick around. In fact, It might gonna consider to give it to a special friend.

Lindsay: Leda, wait. What happened between us, meaningful it have been was a one time thing. But it's nothing we would wish to continue.

Mel: Right, Leda so thanks for everything. We've really loved having you here.

Leda: I, uh, understand.

Mel: That's a relief.

Leda: First I renovate your attic and then I renovate your sex life. And then it's 'So long, Leda'?

Lindsay: That's not what we meant.

Leda: That's how it sounded.

[Leda puts down her glass and goes away.]

[Babylon. Music. Lights. Dancing. Michael wanders around looking for Brian. He finds him on the catwalk.]

Michael: I thoughed I find you here.

Brian: Why aren't you at Ben's, taking care of the invalid?

Michael: He's doin' great.

Brian: Everybody can use a hand.

Michael: Where's Justin?

Brian: He's at home and doin' his project.

[We see Justin "doing" his "project" with Ethan in bed.]

[Back to Babylon.]

Michael: I ask because I called you at home and there was no answer.

Brian: Well I guess he's not taking up or maybe he went out.

Michael: You guys won't tell each other where you're goin' or what you've doin? I'm just asking.

Brian: We're not in a hotel. You don't have to sign out and call the doorman where you go about.

Michael: OK, ok, you're free to come and go. Don't you ever wonder what he's doin' when you're not around?

Brian: I know what he's doin'!

Michael: And it doesn't bother you?

Brian: He's nineteen, for Christ sakes! When I was in his age I was out f*cking everything that moved to.

Michael: You're still are!

[The violin punctuates this conversation. We watch Justin and Ethan in a loving montage. Justin draws Ethan as he plays.]

[Back to Babylon.]

Brian: So, why should I have a problem when he has a little fun?

Michael: What if it was more than that? What if...

Brian: What if what!?

Michael: What if... someone else? Someone he was seeing and you don't know about? You're be okay with that, too?

Brian: He doesn't owe me anything.

Michael: What about the truth?

[Back to Ethan. Justin and Ethan keep making out, touching each other and holding hands as the violin keeps playing. We watch Brian at Babylon but hear the violin come to a close as Justin's world changes from the blue-light anonymous bump and grind of Babylon to the solitary melody of the romantic violin.]

[In front of the house from Mel and Linds. Leda will taking off with her motorcycle.]

Mel: You're find a place?

Leda: Lucky Leda finds a home at feed. Like you give a sh*t.

Mel: As a matter of fact I do. I feel terrible that...

Leda: That you've turned into a proper, dignified, hypocritical b*tch?

Mel: I was going to say that we're hurt you.

Leda: You can try to say sweet and happy phrase but you don't fool me. I was there.

Mel: We're don't saying that the sex wasn't great. That's not the problem.

Leda: Frankly I'm not interested to hear any more of your problems.

Mel: Linds and I... were a couple. And that means there is no room in our life or bed for a third party, no matter how much we may care for her.

Leda: Being with you guys was nice. It broughed back a lot of memories.

Mel: Me too.

Leda: And seeing you and Lindsay how great you guys are together I couldn't help somehow I could be a part of it. It's just... you know sometimes it gets a little lonely. You're lucky, Mel. You know that?

Mel: Maybe it's time to find someone on your own.

Leda: I might just do that, babe. I might just do that. Well I better keep goin'. You give Lindsay a big sloppy soul kiss from me, would you?

[She kisses Mel, puts on her helmet, and starts up the bike.]

Mel: Will do. Be sure you don't cross the line. Lets us know where you at!

Leda: Don't I always?

[Bowling center. Lindsay bowls. She leaves two pins. Everyone cheers.]

Carl: No way she's gonna make a dime store split.

Debbie: Sure she make it.

Carl: Yeah, sure.

Debbie: That's what you've think.

[Everyone cheers Lindsay on.]

Lindsay: Please shut the f*ck up! Thank you.

[Just as Lindsay releases the ball, Horvath makes a coughing noise, causing Lindsay to gutter ball. The straights laugh.]

Carl: Some of the greatest bowlers are g*y. Not in this bunch.

Debbie: That's not your fault. [to Carl] He divert you from the game of make that noise.

Carl: What noise?

Debbie: That think you do with your throat.

Carl: It's called breathing.

Debbie: Well, knock it off!

[It's Carls turn. On his first attempt he left three pins. On his second release, Debbie fakes a sneeze, which f*ck up Horvath's release.]

Debbie: It's called sneezing.

[Horvath picks up the spare anyway.]

Brian: Well, you might as well kiss this game goodbye.

Debbie: You can save your kisses. We're still got one frame left.

Michael: C'mon, Emm. You can do it.

Ted: You only need three strikes on the road.

Emmett: OK, three stikes.

[Emmett almost bowls the wrong lane. So, Emmett pretends to hurt his wrist.]

Emmett: Oh, I hurt my wrist. See how it's hanging like that?

Brian: This doesn't look much different to me.

Debbie: Ben!

Ben: Debbie, I'm sorry. I can't.

Debbie: It's okay. I understand.

Michael: [to Ben] What kind of loser attitude is that?

Ben: Michael, you've said ...

Michael: How do you feel?

Ben: I feel fine.

Michael: Then get out there. q*eer is everywhere.

Debbie: Alright to Liberty ba*ls! We're making a subsitution.

Carl: Wait a minute, he's not on the team.

Debbie: We can do it in Baseball, so we can do it in bowling.

Carl: What?

Debbie: 1968 the Pirates and the Reds? The Pirates need a pinch hitter so they do Fernando Guietteres off the injury list, which means he was not on the team at the time they've send him in. I'm sure your sports fans remember that.

Man#1: We don't even know he's g*y!

Debbie: Oh, c'mon!

[Ben and Michael mug down.]

Man#2: Oh. That'd be g*y.

Carl: OK, he qualified. Let's ball.

[Ben gets to play.]

Vic: Fascinating sports fan this Vernando Guietteres. But since when does our mailman do professional baseball?

Debbie: Straight guys doesn't even know their sports.

[Ben bowls a strike. Ben bowls another strike. After the last, third passes, there's still one pin standing. That means the straight wins.]

Debbie: One f*cking pin! It's hardly a victory. Next time you're gonna ream their asses.

Brian: Let's stick to bowling, shall we?

[Everyone shakes hands. Dejected Emmett sits alone. Nobody cares about his gimp wrist. Ted sits down next to Emmett.]

Ted: Em?

Emmett: I let the team down.

Ted: No, you didn't. It's the spirit that matters, not the score. AND you had by fare the most fabulous sportswear...

Emmett: Really?

Ted: Absolutely. The way the shoes match with the shirt. Inspiring.

Emmett: OK, you know what Ted Schmidt?

Ted: What?

Emmett: I love you.

[He kisses Ted.]

[Woody's.]

Debbie: To the Liberty ba*ls.

Vic: Long may they hang.

[Everybody toasts as Horvath walks in.]

Debbie: Come to gloat?

Carl: Come to offer my congratulations.

Debbie: Why? You're team won.

Carl: Not that much. You guys are great.

Debbie: Hey, Horvath! Doesn't the winner by the loosers a drink? Don't flatter yourself. Nobody here's interested in you. Except me.

[They make out. Everybody has a mixture of disgust and happiness at the sight. Michael looks away and covers his eyes.]

Emmett: A straight kiss at Woody's. That's gotta be a first.

Ted: I guess people really do find love in this place.

Emmett: What about you, Teddy? You see anybody here that make your heart bumping?

Ted: Well, maybe.

Emmett: Yeah? Who? Who?

Ted: To soon to tell.

[At the bar.]

Michael: I'm going to pretend I didn't just see my mother sticking her tongue down Horvath's throat.

Brian: Well, while you're at it, pretend she won't be blowing him later in the back of his patrol car.

Michael: It's too bad Justin couldn't be here tonight.

Brian: I'm out of here.

Ben: You told him, didn't you?

Michael: He didn't seem to care.

[Justin's still humming the song of Ethan's hummers as he flops into the loft. Brian's there.]

Justin: Jesus, Brian. I thoughed you were bowling.

Brian: Games over.

Justin: How did you do?

Brian: We're cheers to the winners.

Justin: Way to go.

Brian: It wasn't us. Where you're goin'?

Justin: Take a shower.

Brian: You sure take a lot of showers lately. C'mon here.

Justin: Later.

Brian: Now.

Justin: Can't we do after that?

Brian: I like smelling you, not soap.

[They start kissing. Pretty passionately. They fall to their knees as they rip off their clothes. Brian's on top of Justin. He swats Justin's hands away from his pants. He does it himself.]

Brian: You like that?

Justin: Yes.

[He pulls away from Justin. He sniffs.]

Justin: Why you just stop? Brian?

Brian: Go shower. You stink.

[Brian walks away. Justin gets up. Fade out.]

Music:

Sarah McLachlan - # Plenty lyrics

I looked into your eyes

they told me plenty

I already knew

you never felt a thing

so soon forgotten all that you do

in more than words

I tried to tell you

the more I tried I failed

I would not let myself believe

that you might stray

and I would stand by you

no matter what they'd say,

I would have thought

I'd be with you

until my dying day

until my dying day

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